

Body and Soul

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Summary: What if Negan was interrupted just before he brought down the bat, when Rick offered to take the victim's place? If Negan takes him up on this offer, what will it mean for Rick as well as his family? (minor nudity; alternate idea for season 6 finale)

1. Body

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I felt a bit inspired by reading other fics of this nature to squeeze in a fic based on the finale as well. So here's an alternate idea of Rick offering himself up.

**Chapter 1: Body **

"***TAKE ME!***

Lucille in Negan's hands froze over the head of Glenn. Maggie released a heavy sob as tears spilt down her face. Michonne, Aaron, and Sasha turned their heads towards Rick. Daryl, who was barely holding it together now also managed to look his way. Carl too was staring at his father, shocked and lost for words.

**Negan gave a soft chuckle and casually walked up to Rick with a playful smile on his face. **

"**Maybe you didn't hear the part about what would happen if anybody says anything," he said easily with no hint of anger in his tone.
"Or, maybe you're just hungry."**

He tossed a glance at Carl who didn't drop his expression of defiance. He glanced up at Negan once before looking at his father once more.

"**Well, Rick?" Negan pressed.**

Rick was momentarily speechless, staring wide-eyed ahead of himself as if he hadn't realized he'd shouted. Negan gave a jerk of the head towards some of his men who began to approach his son. Rick caught the sight of one of them popping out a shiny blade and it immediately snapped him out of his state of sudden shock.

"**DON'T! IT WAS ALL ME. TAKE ME! TAKE ME INSTEAD!" He couldn't shout anymore after that. His throat was tightening. He was starting to suffocate, and break. "Let them go. It's my fault let them goâ€œ|** _ **please** _ **."**

**His head dropped into a natural bow, as if he'd taken it upon himself to get into the proper position for Lucille. And now Glenn and Rosita were looking at him. Eugene too looked at his fallen leader as his face scrunched up in sorrow. Abraham shut his eyes briefly and kept up an emotionless façade. **

Negan swung the bat lightly in a playful and thoughtful manner as he grinned down at Rick's shivering form, still smiling.

His men were already positioned around Carl, ready to carve out his remaining eye and follow through with their leader's previous warning. But Negan raised his hand, and they backed away.

"**Shit, you do have balls Rick, I'll give you that. But do you really expect me to go back on my warning? I'm in control here, not you, or any of your people, and the sooner you understand that, the better it'll be for you."**

Rick mumbled something inaudible, causing Negan to lean in with his hand cupping his ear.

"**What's that? Sorry but you'll have to speak the hell up. Now's your chance Rick. I'm giving it to you, instead of shutting that shit down. Make no mistake, I will shut it down. I'll shove that damn eye of your kid's down your goddamn throat if I don't like what I hear next." **

Rick raised his head and met Negan's eyes. It wasn't like looking at the Governor, not even when he'd had him cornered with a tank pointing his way with Hershel and Michonne as hostages. This was a much more dangerous situation. Negan was a much more dangerous man. He was the actual devil he'd failed to see.

Rick worked his mouth to speak and it took him a few seconds before his voice made it through.

"**I realize that, but I'm asking you to spare them. I should be the one." His eyes fell to Lucille briefly before they dropped to the ground. He recalled the last few times he'd been so close to death, and they all seemed much more welcoming than getting bashed in with a bat.**

Negan rocked back on his feet, looking disappointed.

"**Now for me to take you up on that offer, would be me putting you in control of the situation. You don't get to decide here Rick. And I think your people would also agree that you've made enough decisions, otherwise they might not be here pissing their pants."**

They were all staring at Rick, but Rick wouldn't look at any of them. He didn't want to believe that the man was right in any way. Rick took a few deep breaths before looking down at the people on his right. Maggie with tears in her eyes was shaking her head. He could see her confliction clearly; it was either him or her husband. Rick turned his head the other way and met Carl's gaze. "Don't" his son mouthed to him.

Rick turned back to the ground as he thought of Judith. It would be on Carl and Michonne to look after her. It just killed him that he wouldn't be able to see her again. What he wouldn't give for just one more moment with her. One more moment to hold her.

"**Rick," came the strained whisper of Michonne.**

"**Hey," Negan warned as he raised the bat and pointed it at her. "I let it pass twice now, but I'm serious. Anyone says anything more, you'll get a real taste of my girl here, and I'm talking orally so."**

Negan stared down at Rick once more, then looked around at his group.

"**I need people, to work for me. And your people will work for me. Providing us with supplies from the comforts of home, so long as your ass stays with me."**

Right away, there were a few angry outbursts from Negan's crew. They were demanding blood; requiring a smashed skull, followed by the cries and looks of horror from Rick's people. Negan raised a hand and they slowly fell silent.

"**I hear you. Believe me, I hear your hunger. But now, I'm liking what Rick has to offer. Body and soul." He bent down to Rick's level and waited patiently for Rick to look up at him. "You ready to do that? Hand yourself over, to me?" Rick glanced at the bat and Negan followed his gaze. "Oh no. If I take you, you won't be meeting the sweet side of Lucille. One of your guys might. The boy maybe, your leading ladies, any one of them, if you decide to pull one over on me. If you decide you're smart enough to gain control and break the order. I won't put you out of your misery with Lucille here. I'll continue it. And I'm sure I'm not looking at all your people before me. There's others right, where you live? Plenty, of all ages, I can introduce Lucille to."**

Suddenly Rick had the image of Negan standing over Judith's crib, slowly raising his beloved Lucille.

"**NO!" he suddenly screamed.**

"**No?" Negan questioned softly, thinking Rick had changed his mind. "Okay."**

He stood and approached Glenn as he raised the bat.

"**Where were we?"**

"**NO, TAKE ME!" Again Negan froze, this time looking very irritated.**

"***Now Rick-***

"**I give myself up! I promise. I promise."**

Negan stared down at Rick sternly.

"**You better promise," he said darkly. Rick said nothing. He simply gave a defeated nod and dropped his head. Negan raised his hand.
"Escort em to their ride. All but the fearless leader."**

One by one, a man grabbed ahold of one of Rick's people by the arm and hauled him or her to their feet. Michonne attempted to put up a struggle with the man who had her while Daryl made a weak attempt to fight off Dwight despite the immense pain he was still in from the shot in his shoulder.

"**HEY!" Negan cried. Lucille now hovered over Rick's head. "Would you like to carry your asses in quietly, no harm done to your ex-leader, or would you rather watch his damn brains fly? It'll be fourth of July I guarantee."**

Michonne slumped and allowed her captor to take her to the RV. As she moved she looked back at Rick who could only manage to give her a brief look. He didn't look at the others as they were escorted by. He didn't deserve to look them in the eye. It was his fault, all his fault.

He did, however, manage to look at Carl, keeping his eyes on him longer than he could Michonne. Finally Carl's face began to crack as the realization struck. He would now have to grow up without his father. Rick watched tears threatening to spill out of the corner of his son's eyes. How he longed to cry out to him. To tell him to look after Judith for him and that he loved him. But the man pulling Carl along quickly shoved him inside before turning to get ahold of Eugene and shoving him in afterwards.

**Now it was only Rick against what seemed to be fifty-something men, and Negan. His family was safe in the RV, while he remained in his kneeled position on the cold ground. **

Negan approached the door.

"**Now get the hell out of here, before I beat the shit out of Rick," he warned loud enough for Rick to hear.**

Rick felt he was barely holding onto consciousness. He couldn't believe it had actually worked. He had actually managed to make a deal with the man. At the thought, a breathless and near silent laugh escaped his throat. His lips briefly raised into a smile. It didn't matter what happened to him. As long as the others were safe.

The sound of the engine echoed around him. Rick raised his head and saw several eyes peering out at him from within the RV. He prayed they wouldn't come back for him; prayed they wouldn't go to the trouble of trying to find some way to fight the bastard. If it was going to be on him, it would be he who found a way to handle Negan. But such a thought floated in the background of his mind.

Fear kept him in place, kept him immobile. Once he was certain his family was out of Negan's reach, he would welcome a rise of confidence. He gave a nod at the looks of fear and pity, hoping they understood the message somehow. Then he turned and looked at Carl who was standing next to Michonne who had an arm around him. He would burn the sight of them into his brain and hold onto it, until Lucille broke it.

**Slowly his ride pulled away and Rick watched them until they disappeared in the darkness. He dropped his head just as Negan approached him, whistling. **

Suddenly the idea of ever having the confidence to overcome Negan was completely washed away. Negan stopped whistling and patted the bat.

"**You can breathe nowâ€¦you can piss yourself dry for all I care."**

Rick was shaking again. Maybe it was all for nothing. Maybe he would die now and his family would follow.

**The men slowly started closing in and all the air was gone.
**

Rick couldn't think. He couldn't even see his family in his head.

"**You left your people Rick, to become one of us. You **_**will**_** become one of us, no question. Get ready. Life as you know itâ€¦is over."**

Rick raised his eyes up at Negan one last time before the darkness of his men shrouded him from view. The next thing Rick felt was pain. Pain, from every inch of his body as feet and fists pounded into his form from all directions. He couldn't even curl up in defense, nor was there any chance of fighting back. All he could do was try and hold in the cries of the beating, but he wasn't completely successful. The woods was ringing with his gasps and whines, and Negan smiled with satisfaction from hearing it.

"**That's it Rick," he said while the boots and rained down against his back and into his stomach; as a fist crashed into his neck and chest. "Take itâ€¦take what you have coming."**

It continued until Negan deemed Rick bloodied up enough. The last fist struck his nose. When the blood poured, the men stepped back.

"**Alright."**

But Dwight didn't take notice as he swung a heavy kick into Rick's abdomen, causing him to fold over on the ground.

"**ENOUGH!"**

Dwight looked very sorry to have not followed the order to stop, and he trembled as he forced himself to keep his mouth shut. Negan eyed him for a moment before looking down at Rick.

"**You see that Rick. Already you're setting a bad example to my boys here. That's it's okay to step out of line. You're gonna help me teach them better aren't you."**

He reached down and grabbed a fist full of his hair, forcing him to look into his face. Rick could barely make him out past his bruised eye. Everything was hazy now, and excruciating.

"**When I ask a question, you answer. No exceptions. I can still track down that RV and start the whole process all over again. Now let's try this again. You're gonna help me teach them better, aren't you?"**

**After releasing a shaky breath he replied.

**

"**I'll."**

"**Good." Negan released his head. "Strip him."**

Blades popped out from four of the men who closed in on Rick. One of the men hauled Rick up to his feet who wobbled as he tried to stand. Before he realized what was happening, blades were coming down, ripping apart his shirt, tearing apart his pants.

**His brain couldn't register it properly. It was as if he was far away from the scene, floating. Somehow he ended up thrown back onto the ground. He felt his shoes being pulled off, as well as one of the blades cutting a little too close to his flesh as his underwear was the next thing to go. He cried out and tried to struggle away but a heavy boot landed on his back, keeping him in place facedown.
**

The cool air now tormented his bare body and he shivered worse than ever. He heard some laughing as well as whispering as he slowly raised his head to look at them all. Were they really going to do this? Was Negan and his crew really going to sink to the level of rape to teach his men?

Negan marched up to him, still smiling.

"**I know what you're thinking. You don't have to worry. This is simply starting from scratch. I've stripped your power, your stupidity even, and I expect a thank you for the mercy I have shown."
**

Rick felt his cheeks flush. At the moment he would've preferred to be dead rather than endure the humiliation of being forced on the ground naked before all his men. But then he thought of Carl and Judith. They needed him alive, and he still needed to make sure Negan kept his word of leaving his family alone.

"**Thank you," he said, defeated.**

Negan chuckled softly.

"**You're welcome, but, you're still gonna regret crossing me. Haul him up boys. Let's head home."**

Two men grabbed the bare battered body and dragged him over to one of the cars as Negan watched, swinging the bat.

"**We gotta lot of work to do," he muttered.**

I went ahead and put the pin on Glenn based on speculations that it will be him. Either way it wasn't happening here anyhow. And like the show (though I know in the comics and most likely on the blu-ray dvd) I kept Negan's mouth fairly clean. I don't know Negan very well and just kind of formed him as best I could figure from his first appearance. Often times, I don't have a lot of use or lines to invoke cursing but hopefully he still came across as threatening. It's the villain's behavior I focus on more anyhow. And it's always important for me to try and keep characters as 'in character' as I can.

So review and I'll continue with what I plan on being the last part of what was originally meant to just be a oneshot, chapter 2: Soul. What's the result of Rick giving himself up to Negan? Not what you'd expect I'm sure. I plan to twist it from the usual torture a character must endure when winding up on the wrong side of the baddie.

2. Soul

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Final part. Thanks for the reviews. The story could definitely lengthen to a lot more, but this is meant to be short. As I mentioned earlier, there's a bit of a different kind of resolution for Rick.

Chapter 2: Soul

Negan smiled as he sipped the bourbon in his glass and stared out across the field of his community. It had been almost half a year since he'd had the run in with Rick's people; since he forced Rick to become an example to those that fell out of order; since he'd forced him to become a part of his team. It made him quite pleased whenever he was able to stomp out any form of rising power and stupidity. He took another sip just as a familiar RV made its sudden appearance up the road heading towards his stronghold. He set the glass down just as one of his men ran up to him.

"**They're early," he told him.**

"**I can see that," Negan replied as he watched it pull up to the gate. "Let em in. I wanna hear why they're ahead of schedule."**

**The heavy iron gate was opened and the vehicle slowly made its way inside. Negan, followed by a few of his men, walked over just as it made a stop. The surrounding men raised their guns, ready to stop any ideas the people within had been planning. **

**The driver's side of the door opened and Michonne exited. Negan frowned in slight annoyance at the sight of her. He had hoped in all this time that the loss of Rick would leave her as nothing but a shell of a person. So far the only sign he'd ever seen of her submission was in her face which was much less defiant than when he'd

first seen her.**

**From the passenger's side door came Carl, and from the back came Daryl. **

"**Did ya'll mark your calendars wrong? You're not due back here with supplies until two weeks from now." He passed his hand up and down his beloved Lucille and smiled at them. "We're not thinking of starting up something again, are we? Because believe me, I'll put an end to it the way I did last time. Boy, I enjoyed that, and so did Lucille."**

He took pleasure in the falling expressions and looks of illness upon their faces. Rick's prayer hadn't come true as the group had attempted a rescue, only to lose several of their people, and causing another to be crippled horribly. And as a way to keep any such thoughts from surfacing again, he treated them to the sounds of Rick's screams. He had never shown what he did, but it had gotten the message across.

"**I wanna see him," Carl suddenly said as he stepped forward. Michonne reached out a hand to keep him from stepping closer. "I wanna see my dad."**

**Negan raised his eyebrows and smiled at the demanding tone the kid had used. **

"**Want all you want kid, on your way back."**

"**Where's my dad!" Carl cried as he pushed past Michonne, but she was able to grab him. "Tell me!"**

"**We've given you everything," Michonne said over Carl's struggles to Negan. "And you tookâ€¦took so much from us. I think we've earned the right, to see Rick."**

Negan cocked his head at her then tossed his glance over at Daryl who seemed to be fighting his own inner emotions at the sight of him. He suspected one of the people he took from them was very important to the man.

"**You think you've earned it?" Negan asked. "Let me ask you this. What could you possibly get out of seeing him? He's not one of youâ€¦anymore. He's one of mine. You don't know how long it took to beat the little shit down to his rightful place. And now, you have the nerve to demand that I show you to him? You think it'll inspire you? Help you cope?" Negan shook his head and waved Lucille. "It won't. So to spare you from making the mistake, turn around and forget you ever asked, because trust me, you don't want to see him."**

"**I want to see him!" Carl demanded again. "Now!"**

One of the men, Dwight, focused Daryl's old crossbow on Carl's forehead.

"**I got this."**

"**The hell you do," Daryl growled as he raised the only weapon they'd had between them, a small gun.**

"**Let's not turn this into some goddamn shit-fest," Negan warned lightly. "You can't afford to lose any more people, because I can't afford to lose any more workers. You wanna see him, you'll see him, remembering that you asked for it. And if you ever ask for it again, I'll show you, his lifeless corpse."**

Negan stepped back to the house, opened the door, and gave a certain whistle call. He then returned to his spot before Carl, Michonne, and Daryl, smiling. He set his eyes on Carl, feasting on the rising horror of his expression as his father made his appearance.

The figure, dressed in pale gray clothes, paused in the doorway, before moving forward, walking with a slightly shaky pace, hands with a few missing fingers chained together in front of himself. Both Michonne and Daryl stared wide-eyed.

Rick came to a stop when he reached Negan's right-hand side. He looked so unlike himself it was startling. He was paler than the dead with various scars all over his arms, including a few burn marks. A long scar ran across his cheek into his growing beard, but aside from his body's appearance, there was the matter of his eyes. They were dull, almost lifeless, staring blankly into nothing.

"***Dad?"***

He didn't stir.

"**Rick," Michonne tried. Slowly Rick's eyes focused on them. But his face didn't crumple up with emotion upon seeing his family. In fact, he gave no indication of recognizing them. He just stared at them, flatly.**

Carl couldn't stop the tears starting to work their way into the corners of his eyes, but he kept them from falling.

"***You had your chance not to see," Negan told them. **

"***Rick, please," Michonne demanded. "It's us."***

Rick said nothing. He simply stood there, staring at them.

"***What the hell have you done to him?"***

Negan chuckled and clapped a hand on Rick's shoulder who didn't even acknowledge it.

"**I taught him well, that's what I've done, with methods no one's seen before. He serves me now, as an example to others to follow orders. He'd kill all of you without a second thought if I told him to. So now, that you've seen him, you can turn your asses back around, before I make that command."**

Neither Carl nor Michonne moved an inch. Daryl walked over to them.

"***Let's go," he said in a muted whisper. **

Carl made to follow Daryl without taking his eyes off his father, but suddenly he couldn't. He ran forward, and Daryl was only just able to grab him around the middle.

"**Dad! It's me! It's Carl! You have to remember." And now the tears flowed, but still Rick gave him no response, no sign of love.
"Rememberâ€|remember Judith!"**

The mention of his daughter failed to bring any light into the man's eyes. Daryl dragged him back inside, crying, while he himself remained emotionless, seemingly. Michonne stayed where she was and Negan raised Lucille over Rick's head.

"**Would you like to see the dead version now?" Michonne stepped back and opened the door looking ill and beyond lost. "Smart. I'd hate to have to lose him. He's been doing so well."**

As if to add to the loss, Negan ran a hand through Rick's hair as if he was a faithful dog. It took every ounce of willpower for Michonne to stay quiet as she slid into the driver's seat.

"**Now I expect you back on schedule, least you want to see Rick in action, choking the life out of his own boy."**

The engine started up and slowly the RV backed out of sight. Negan caught a glimpse of Daryl trying to comfort Carl before they were back onto the road. Negan supposed the man was assuring the kid that Rick was no longer his father, no longer there, and he agreed. He was practically one of the dead, a soulless figure; power and identity gone; life gone. He belonged to Negan now.

"**Dwight." The man looked around at Negan nervously. "There's a rumor going around about you staking out our Alexandrians. Figured you'd follow your own damn rules did you? Figured mine were shit?"**

"**I wasn'tâ€|I wasn't gonna do anything toâ€|that, that Daryl guyâ€|He should've been killed."**

But Negan just smiled at him.

"**You want revenge, I get it. But here's the thing. You don't get revenge, unless I tell you to." Dwight swallowed thickly as Negan turned to Rick. "Take care of that will you."**

**Rick automatically turned his head toward Dwight who attempted to raise the crossbow in defense. One of the men had quickly pulled it from his hand as Rick approached Dwight like a hungry dog. **

"**No don'tâ€|no please, Iâ€|"**

**There was no pleading with Negan, and there especially was no pleading with Rick as he quickly latched his chained hands around his throat and began to squeeze the life out of the struggling man. The men surrounding them watched with a sense of fear and disturbance as one of their own was turned blue in the hands of a man who was once their enemy. And soon the fight was gone from Dwight as he lay still. Negan looked down at Lucille as if he was sorry for not using her. But why resort to her repeatedly when he had Rick. She deserved a

break every now and then.**

"***C-Carl?"**

Negan looked up to see Rick frozen over Dwight's body looking utterly confused. He stepped in front of the man. Rick wasn't looking down at Dwight but straight ahead of himself. Negan grabbed him by the hair and threw him aside on to the ground. Then stood over Dwight, bat raised.

Just as a guttural growl issued from his throat, he brought Lucille down hard over the dead man's skull. The air was filled with flying blood and brain matter. All the while, Rick stayed where he was, repeating the name in confusion.

When Negan was done, he walked over to him.

"**There is no Carlâ€|and there is no Rick." Rick looked up at him slowly. "There's only me."**

Negan gave a nod for some of his men to take Rick away to continue "teaching" him while Negan stared at the bloodied bat, wondering if it had been better to bring it down across Rick's skull in the first place.

Kind of gave it a bit of a sci-fi spin there at the end with the idea that Rick was brainwashed somehow. I've always found brainwashing stories to be a bit creepy and it often draws my interest. Where others might go with Negan torturing Rick, I went in a different direction. Though Negan wouldn't have the sources to brainwash someone, I put it here for this. I think part of this idea might have been inspired by watching the final Hunger Games movies. Also the movie "Unleashed" where you see such a thing with Rick happening to Jet Li's character. Plus I liked the idea of Rick becoming Negan's new weapon of choice and kind of replacing Lucille.

Maybe depending on the popularity I may write some sequel to connect to this. Going on about Rick's life among the saviors and his struggle with recalling who he is and essentially being weaponized. The staff of the show has mentioned that next season it's about breaking Rick down. Here, I wanted to break him down to, but in a different way. And this was never going to lead to the gang being able to rescue Rick. That could be a different story and this could have totally gone there. But this is tragedy and meant to be short.

Well hope you enjoyed and review, and maybe I'll write a sequel.

End
file.